

The Family

'BROIDERY WORK.

By Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun
And from their tent doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

For Bezaleel, the master, who had rare
And curious skill and gifts beyond compare,
Greater than old Misraim's greatest ware,

Had bidden them to approach at his command
As on a goat skin spread upon the sand,
He sat and saw them grouped on every hand.

And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell,
He spoke and said, "Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word; I pray ye, hearken well.

"God's tabernacle, by His pattern made,
Shall fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil about her closer drew;
"We are but women! What can women do?"

And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!"

"The gold and 'broidered work about the hem
Of the priests' robes—pomegranate, knob
and stem—
Man's clumsy fingers can not compass them.

"Yours is the very skill for which I call;
So bring your cunning needlework,
though small
Your gifts may seem; Jehovah needeth all!"

O Christian women! for the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands—do you forget
The temple curtains need your 'broidery yet?

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Lillian felt a glow of pride and pleasure in her success at the guessing-game in which some of the older guests in the summer hotel had invited her to join. "We can't expect to match our wits with a girl just out of high school," said one of the party, with a kind smile at Lillian. "We might have known that she would recognize Boswell as the Englishman whose claim to fame rested upon a biography."

"And she knew it was Pepys who chronicled small beer and great historical events in the same cryptic pages," added a gray-haired gentleman. "But if you

will leave the room again, Miss Lillian, we'll try to find a character that won't be so easy for you."

When Lillian was recalled she was told that the person she was to guess was a leader, a lawmaker and a wonder-worker, and celebrated for his meekness. After a few moments' thought, she owned herself mystified. "He had stone tables," a lady suggested.

"Was it Hadrian?" Lillian asked. "He had lots of marble furniture."

"Ours is an Old Testament character," remarked the gray-haired gentleman, smiling, "and he passed forty days on a mount." Even this hint did not enlighten Lillian. "I'll have to give up," she said. "Moses," merrily chorused all the players.

"Moses?" repeated Lillian. "Why, did Moses preach the Sermon on the Mount?" The merriment died out of most of the elderly faces, and was replaced by a grave expression that made Lillian uncomfortable. "Have I said something wrong?" she whispered to Mrs. Dorsey, her chaperone.

"I think, dear, we are all pained to find you don't know who preached the Sermon on the Mount," was the gentle reply.

A few minutes later Lillian answered a tap at the door of her own room and Mrs. Dorsey entered. "I thought when I missed you that maybe you were here alone," she said, and then noticing Lillian's tear-stained face, "Why, my child, you mustn't be unhappy."

"I can't help it. I know every one in the parlor was shocked at my ignorance about the Bible."

"Perhaps your ignorance is not altogether your fault. The Bible isn't taught as it used to be. In my early days it was considered an important part of education, and I think the present almost total neglect of it in the home and school is a sad mistake. Children who are not brought up on the Scriptures as I was don't know what they are missing. Aside from the great religious and ethical value of a knowledge of it a familiarity with the Bible is necessary for good understanding of literature. Do you know why Mrs. Wharton named her novel 'The House of Mirth'?"

"No," answered Lillian.

"Then search the book of Ecclesiastes. Do you know why Mrs. DeLand called a story 'Many Waters'?"

"No; I read it, and I couldn't see any sense to the title."

"That was because you hadn't read 'Solomon's Song.' These two names happen to occur to me now, and as you become acquainted with the Bible, you will see what fulness and richness it has given to nearly all our literature."

"Well, I intend to become acquainted with it," said Lillian. And she wrote home that night and asked her father to send her mother's Bible to her.—The Youth's Companion.

"If a person don't get a good hold on his life while he has it here on earth, what under the sun is he going to hang onto when he gets flung out into space?"

GOOD TIDINGS FROM A DARK LAND.

A glowing memory "for joy and for beauty" will ever be the recent visit to the First Presbyterian church, Meridian, Miss., of Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, of Brazil, representatives of that body of Christians in the foreign field. Mr. Porter's fluency in English speaking is surprising when it is considered that the Portuguese tongue is used exclusively by the people among whom he has lived for twenty-five years. Mrs. Porter is socially charming and accomplished in literature and music. Her talk to the ladies was much enjoyed. In Meridian, the former made four addresses to deeply interested audiences. A reception tendered these missionaries in the home of one of the elders was largely attended, and much good will doubtless result from all these manifestations.

It was thrilling to hear the recital of every-day experiences of these self-denying laborers in the gospel, as the case of a ranchman who lived nearly three hundred miles from Natal, the mission station, sending messengers with horses to entreat the missionary to come and teach him, and preach to others at his place, and, too, the lamenting among the native people when Mrs. Porter was compelled to give up part of her work on account of being broken down. The Bible society's agents have travelled over extensive areas in Brazil (which is as large as the United States), and the people possessing a book which they never saw before, are studying the word of God, waiting for ministers to come, instruct and preach to them, and organize them into Christian churches. Mrs. Porter has done important educational work, and her pupils are much in request for teachers. Mr. Porter is the only gospel preacher in a section large as New England, excluding Maine, and though persecuted in former years, is now in high favor with the natives, including the government officials. He relates that when he was to embark for the United States the Mayor of the city came in person to escort him to the steamer, and the governor of the Province, after the demonstrative manner of the Latin races, sent his band of music for the same purpose. All begged him to return as soon as possible.

Mr. Porter has a membership of more than three hundred and fifty in his church at Natal, with a building worth \$8,000 nearly paid for, which sum was mostly raised by the native Christians and sympathizers in the community. He also maintains twelve preaching stations in the country contiguous, and has more calls for such service than can be complied with.

The Presbyterian Church in Brazil has seven organized Presbyteries, which are included in two Synods and a general Assembly a supreme body. There are sixty native Brazilian ministers in connection with our Church.

Those who have for centuries arrogated to themselves the sole authority as spiritual advisers of the benighted peoples in South America, actually put a premium upon sin by offering "indulgence" or per-